PUBLIC SPIRIT:

AN

ESSAY.

Μὴ τὰ ἑαυτῶν ἕκαστοι σκοπεῖτε, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰ ἑτέρων ἕκαστον.

PHILIP. II. v. 4.

VIR BONUS ET SAPIENS, AUDEBIT DICERE——

——————QUID ME PERFERRE PATIQUE

INDIGNUM COGES?

HORAT. I. EPIST. XVI.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ALMON in Piccadilly, and G. KEARSLEY in Fleet-ſtreet.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

[PRICE EIGHTEEN PENCE.]

PUBLIC SPIRIT:

AN

ESSAY.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

LUCKLESS the Wretch, in an abandon'd Age,
Who dares to venture on Life's public Stage;
The Guilt of Greatneſs boldly to oppoſe,
And without Terror ſcourge his Country's Foes.
Who drags Corruption forth to public Light,
Pow'r will purſue him with relentleſs Spite;
On him may prudent Friends their Fears beſtow;
From him ſhall Fortune turn her adverſe Brow:

No proſperous Hopes bloom for him in Life's Spring;
For him Life's Summer ſhall no Harveſt bring:
Or cropt in Autumn premature he'll lie,
Or midſt chill Winter's Penury may die.
From Indiſcretion more than Guilt Man flies,
And views a Satiriſt with ſuſpicious Eyes:
Friendſhip grows cold—e'en Manhood timid grows,
And the Scene fills with ſolitary Woes.
The common Herd, tho' by his Labors bleſt;
Chang'd with the Moon, their Patriot will deteſt:
Will join the cry, to hunt the deſtin'd Head,
They to the Croſs well pleas'd their *Savior* led.
Say, can this Proſpect charm the worldly Elf;
Whoſe narrow Feelings center all in Self?—
How oft Diſcretion, Wiſdom's feeble Shade,
Haſt thou thus Honor from her Path miſled:

Held up thy Bugbears to the timid Eye,
And taught from Virtue, Virtue's Sons to fly?
Sure they have indolently heard too long,
The cautious Numbers of thy coward Song:
Ill suit these Times, with lulling Beds of Down,
Virtue must dare to meet Oppression's Frown.
Tho' Guilt affect to sneer, and Folly grin,
For Fools and Knaves still make a Mock of Sin;
Good Men from public Virtue ne'er depart,
Proud of the Feelings of the Patriot Heart.

Tho' flimsy Jennings tinsel Pages write,
A treacherous Meteor glimmering thro' the Night;
Fit to mislead the Unthinking and Half-blind;
And lead from Virtue's Paths the wavering Mind:

Ye Sons of Virtue ſpurn the dubious Page,
Adapted to this Almoſt-chriſtian Age;
Your Patriot Zeal let good St. Paul ſupport;
" *As lovely, honeſt, juſt, of Good-report* *,"
And yet as Chriſtians fear not to commend
The Man of Valor, Patriot, and the Friend.
Valor abus'd no doubt may vicious grow;
But of Neceſſity it is not ſo;
No more than Patriot, or than friendly Zeal,
The Mind to Injuſtice muſt of courſe impel.
Say, ſhould I blame the Knife that carves my Food;
Becauſe it may be ſtain'd in harmleſs Blood:
Or becauſe Laws have made the Guiltleſs grieve,
Where Laws rule not, what Wretch would wiſh to live?

---

* St. Paul to the Philippians, Chap. IV. v. 8.

Terms

Terms miſapplied ſerve Ignorance to diſcloſe,
Or add to Indolence's ſoft Repoſe:
But Virtue merits Fame, howe'er array'd,
Tho' by Soame Jennings dreſt in Maſquerade:
Bright ſhines ſhe thro' the ideot Garb he 'as given,
On Earth yet prais'd and well beloved of Heaven.
God help the purblind Man whoſe ſimple Head,
Takes Chriſtian Politics from this Lord of Trade:
To Pow'r abus'd St. Paul diſdain'd to yield,
To Cæſar from Oppreſſion he appeal'd;
* E'er ſcourg'd his Perſecutors he affrights,
And vindicates an injur'd Freeman's Rights:
The almoſt Convert ſure o'er Scripture ſlept;
Nor ſaw that † *o'er his Country* JESUS *wept.*

---

* Acts XXII. 25 & ſeq. † Luke XIX. 41.

"The

" The gentile Lords bear tyrannous Command,"
" Let it not be ſo in a Chriſtian Land *;"
Such is Religion's Voice:—Invert with Speed
Theſe Scripture Words, and you've the modern Creed:
Nay, Prieſts in Tribes, regardleſs of the Text,
† " By this World's Cares and Love of Wealth perplext;"
‡ " Rave of the Pow'rs that are;" and draw the Pen,
§ " To teach for Doctrines the Commands of Men"
‖ " They ſwallow Camels, tho' at Gnats they ſtrain,"
¶ " And vindicate the Guilt of Pow'r for Gain."
They faſt, they pray, they dare invoke their God,
With ſavage Joy for kindred Chriſtian Blood,
‖‖ Careleſs of that Rebuke by *Jeſus* given,
When Two Apoſtles pray'd for Fire from Heaven:

---

* Matt. XX. 25. and Matt. X. 42. † Matt. XIII. 22. ‡ Rom. XIII. 1. § Mark VII. 7. ‖ Matt. XXIII. 24. ¶ Jude 16. ‖‖ Luke IX. 55.

They've

They've added Fury to Pow'r's angry Sword,
Aud damn'd to Slaughter, Thouſands judg'd unheard.
* Far from their Secrets, Oh! my Soul, be gone,
And thou, mine Honor, all their Councils ſhun!
Curs'd be their Anger, for it fierce was ſeen;
And curs'd their Wrath, for bitter it has been:
Peace flies from kindred hoſpitable Shores,
In all its Horrors Civil Diſcord roars:
The generous Soldier feels himſelf diſgrac'd,
Compell'd to lay a Land that fed him waſte;
The wretched Owner ſtands in Tears aloof,
While Gueſts, once cheriſh'd, fire his plunder'd Roof:
The unwilling Warrior wings the Ball of Death,
And robs a Friend, a Sire, or Child, of Breath:
The ruin'd Native views the Storms of Strife,
Sees raviſh'd Daughters, or a murder'd Wife;

* Gen. XLIX. 6.

While

While Mothers fly with Frenzy o'er the Plain,
Seeing their Offspring, by their Offspring ſlain:
And all for what?—That Miniſters may find
More Bribes, to buy the Scoundrels of Mankind.

Prudence or Meanneſs, call it which you will;
Seeing ſuch Truths, may ſtrive to hide them ſtill;
Penſion'd Philoſophers may take the Pen,
To guild the Actions of the Worſt of Men;
In Proſe, run mad, may motley Dreams impart,
Sprung from a doting Head, and callous Heart;
With Shades of Argument ſupply the Tribes,
In various Forms which Court-corruption bribes;
For the Court Gang the officious Link-boy play,
While Pilf'rers make the dazzled Crowd their Prey.
All Men, all Meaſures, dirtily ſupport,
To ſhare the Plunder of a plundering Court:

By

By Gold ſeduc'd, may quit the Paths of Fame,
And damn themſelves to everlaſting Shame:
And blending boundleſs Pride, and Meanneſs, vie
With J——n's little Soul in Infamy.
Long ſtudied in the Pow'rs of human Art,
To warp the Judgment, and miſguide the Heart,
Another Veteran comes; an aged Prieſt,
Snow on his Head, Volcanos in his Breaſt;
Oft his hot Zeal extenſively has ſtruck,
As the mov'd Glaſs emits the electric Shock;
Thouſands at once oft to that Zeal have bow'd,
And ſaw the fancied Meſſenger of GOD.
O matchleſs Prieſt, that couldſt employ ſuch Pow'rs
To varniſh o'er the Guilt of Times like ours!
Go, gentle Saint, the all-loving GOD implore,
To ſtain the Sword more deep in Chriſtian Gore;

While Calvin's Sons thy Fall triumphant view,
Nor aim, in *Works ſo good*, to rival you.
No more they'll need the bitter lying Quill
Of zealous Toplady, or furious Hill;
Truth fairly quoted, will enough ſupply,
To mark thy cloſing Life with Infamy.
Ye Twins in Guilt, unrivall'd ſure ye are,
Unleſs by pilloried, penſion'd, old Sh——;
" Who his pale Horſe no longer deigns to ſhew,
" Since Death don't fit on, or Hell follow him now."
To join theſe Veterans what vaſt Tribes appear,
Kn—x in the Van, all Grub-ſtreet in the Rear:
Who meanly hired, or by Hope lightly fed,
Praiſe ——'s valiant Heart, N——'s brilliant Head.
Yet leſſer Folks, to vicious Courts unknown,
Who love their Country's Intereſts as their own,

Will

Will in their Breaſts feel Public Spirit riſe,
Men and their Actions they'll dare ſcrutinize;
Truths, tho' unwelcome Truths, they'll boldly tell,
Lift Satire's Scourge, and make great Villains feel:
And ſpite of Pow'r will mock the courtly Lie,
By Hirelings ſpread, of Court Oeconomy.
Yet Vindicators Courts will never want,
While Places, Contracts, Penſions they can grant;
And ſome mean Sycophant may next Century riſe,
To prove the Truth of all our modern Lies;
From cob-web'd Corners may his Vouchers get,
Authentic all, as our moſt true Gazette.
Then, in that Age, when Liberty no more
May dare to linger on the Britiſh Shore,
What will not Hiſtory's Ghoſt to Britons ſhew;
Which the ſlaved Idoot will receive as true?

Perchance 'twill tell them, Burke was quite a Fool,
And even Rockingham a mere Court Tool:
That Portland liv'd not free from modern Crimes,
The untainted Britiſh Peer of former Times.
Richmond was tame and cold; Shelburne was weak;
And Chatham could nor think, nor act, nor ſpeak.
That Mancheſter, to Patriot Virtue blind,
Liv'd not rever'd by every virtuous Mind:
Cambden and Dunning wanted Worth, and Law:
Nor kept pale ——'s wily Heart in awe.
To all that's Good or Great Sir George not given,
Liv'd not the Friend of Man, belov'd of Heaven.
Court-Vermin now ſuch Lies dare circulate,
And ſtrive to blacken Virtues which they hate.
The venal Crowds would hide the Solar Ray,
And when the Sun ſhines tell us 'tis not Day.

Mark

Mark in what Swarms, the filth-ſprung Gnatlings riſe,
To veil all public Virtue from our Eyes.
The venom Tribes, ye Patriots, calmly view,
And your fix'd Courſe with Dignity purſue,
Like the bright Orb of Day, in ſplendid State,
Admired by all the truly Good and Great:
Your generous Minds in conſcious Virtue bleſt,
May well deſpiſe thoſe Tools who you *deteſt*.
Manhood muſt laugh at that poor empty Thing,
That pert Drone-Bee that buzzes without Sting,
That does, and does not, ſomething, nothing mean;
But ſhews a feeble Head o'erwhelm'd with Spleen.

Hail, virtuous Few! deteſted if ye be,
It is not by the Good, or Wiſe, or Free:

Eternal

Eternal Bleſſings on your Footſteps wait,
Who dare to drive Corruption from your Gate,
Who dare the various Lures of Pow'r withſtand,
And live the Guardians of a falling Land.
Nations take root like planted Saplin Trees,
And riſe to Greatneſs only by Degrees;
Awhile their vigorous Beauties they diſplay,
Grow aged, ſickly, and at length decay:
Where Virtue reigns, and Juſtice rules a Land,
Internal Strength ſecures, and firm ſhe'll ſtand;
While public Wealth, for public Service flows,
Nor makes a Country's Sons her worſt of Foes,
There all are happy, tho' all are not great;
And Merit wears the Honors of the State.
But ſoon, too ſoon, the lovely Scene will fade,
When Vice and Luxury Hand in Hand invade,

When

When public Pow'rs, applied to private Uſe,
In States, the Seeds of Miſery introduce;
Forget their Delegation's Cauſe, and End;
And ſtrive to ruin, what they ſhould defend;
Curſt be the Hand and Heart that lend their Aid,
To bring Deſtruction on their Country's Head.
'Tis then that Patriot Virtue muſt ſtep forth,
To check the Torrent, and approve her Worth:
Muſt live oppreſt; or join the immortal Dead;
With Marvel ſuffer; or with Sidney bleed.
Not in that luke-warm, ſee-ſaw, doubting Way,
Which Freedom's heſitating Friends diſplay,
Standing ſecure upon the brine-waſh'd Shore;
Who dare not venture, where the rough Waves roar;
Sending God-help-ye's to thoſe virtuous few,
Their Country's Intereſts boldly who purſue;

But

But with an Abington's, or Richmond's Zeal,
Feeling themſelves, muſt teach cold Hearts to feel;
Even from Flints elicit Sparks; and find
Fire, to enflame the Logs of Human-kind.
Cold-blooded Reptiles, creeping on in Duſt,
Who never riſe to think what's fit, what's juſt;
May repreſent all Pow'r can do as right,
And bury Juſtice in eternal Night:
May bleſs the Hour, that ſtopp'd the Painter's Breath;
And praiſe the Means which brought him to his Death.
Ill-fated Madman, thy bold daring Hand
Could ſtrike more Terror, thro' a thoughtleſs Land,
Than Ruin coming on with haſty Tread,
By Miniſters, and all their Hirelings led.
Baſe are the Crowds we meet, each Day, each Hour,
Who own the rapid Growth of lawleſs Pow'r;

Yet dare not cenſure what they feel, thro' Fear,
But at the Worth they want can meanly ſneer.
Patriot, hail, ſacred venerable Name,
Pure and immortal as the veſtal Flame!
Tho' doom'd to ſhine, where moſt Oppreſſions rage,
For ever ſhalt thou Virtue's Sons engage,
Spite of cold Prudence's averted Eye,
Of Intereſt ſacrific'd, or Friends grown ſhy——
No doubt 'tis hard for ever to oppoſe,
To ſtrive with Pow'r where numerous are our Foes,
When few our Friends, who own we well deſerve,
Commend our Toils, and give us leave to ſtarve:
Who's bleſt with little need no further hope,
Unleſs he dares defy the Axe or Rope:
Born in a Land juſt tottering to Decay,
Who cannot help that Country to betray;

Who has no Wife, or Sifter he can fell;
Who can believe in Heaven, or thinks of Hell;
Has never got the pert Voltaire by rote;
Has no neat witty Blaſphemy to quote;
Who cannot with the Calamite or Whore,
Without a Bribe, who ſeeks Preferment's Door;
May high him to the humble ruſtic Scene,
To ſtarve with Brutes; he cannot live with Men.

Is this the Land, ſo envied, ſo admir'd,
With Love of Juſtice, and of Freedom fir'd;
Whoſe ſwift-wing'd Fleets to diſtant Seas gave Law;
Whoſe Thunders kept a trembling World in awe?
No naſty Vices curs'd her Offspring then;
Her Sons lov'd Women, and themſelves were Men.

Virtue from Greatneſs ever found Support,
And Juſtice mark'd the Meaſures of our Court.
Is this the Land, beyond all Nations fam'd,
Whoſe free-born Sons the Rights of Manhood claim'd,
Claim'd and poſſeſt; and oft in Danger's Hour
Held, and maintain'd in ſpite of lawleſs Pow'r?
When honeſt Senates purchas'd our Eſteem;
And *public Welfare was the Law ſupreme.*
Is this the Land, where Warren's gallant Lord
Shew'd Kings no other Title than his Sword?
Where Freedom's Rights Plantagenets confeſt,
And Tudors, dar'd not with our Senates jeſt.
Is this the Land, where Stuart's baſtard Line,
Beggars on Horſeback, ſtudied to refine
On all who aim'd at Tyranny before;
Till deep in Ruin plung'd to riſe no more?

Is this the Land, where Hambden nobly bled;
Where Milton wrote; where Ruſſel's Blood was ſhed;
Where ſanguine Jeffries, Sidney judg'd of Yore;
And drench'd our wretched Iſle with Patriot Gore;
Till Virtue rous'd, made Pow'r bow down to Law,
Baniſh'd a James, and gave us a Naſſau?

Yes 'tis the Land, but Times are chang'd ſince then,
And with the Times, our Morals, and our Men:
Folly prevails in twice ten thouſand Shapes;
Men purſue Feathers, Ladies ſigh for Apes:
Vice flows for Wit, from every Puppy's Tongue;
And grave old Fools exceed the fooliſh Young:
Into their Sons, wiſe Maxims Sires inſtill;
And train them up to every Kind of Ill.

" Be prudent, Child, the practis'd Veteran cries,
" It matters not to be o'er good or wiſe:
" Virtue or Wiſdom gain but poor ſupport,
" Fac-ſimile the Scots, and riſe at Court.
" But ſhould imprudent Youth for Virtue plead;
" Or bid thee hope by Merit to ſucceed:
" Go, rival Jones; who ſcarce to Manhood grown,
" Made every Tongue of every Clime his own;
" Led by the Muſe, he rov'd thro' Turkiſh Bow'rs;
" And cull'd Arabia's ſweeteſt faireſt Flow'rs;
" The Perſian Graces to our Land he brought,
" And gave to Europe, what bright Aſia wrote.
" Science was his; Age wondered at the Boy;
" And one King deign'd his Vigils to employ.
" Go, rival Jones; or with ſuperior Force,
" If poſſible, outſtrip this Comet's Courſe:

" The

" The Rays of Pow'r will never ſhine on thee,
" If thou but dream'ſt thy Country ſhould be free.
" Be crafty, Boy:—in ſuch degenerate Times,
" Knowledge and Virtue are ſuperior Crimes:
" Bid them farewell; wouldſt thou to Honors riſe;
" Shine forth in Trifles, or excel in Vice:
" Go thou with Straws, ſome pretty Trick diſplay;
" Or ſnuff your Candles, ſome new ſimple Way:
" Go, ſhuffle Cards, or cog the fatal Die,
" Or write for Miniſters the daily Lie:
" Go, wait the Favorite's Smile, obey his Nod,
" And prove on Earth his Pow'r's the Pow'r of GOD:
" Go, cringe, lie, flatter, murder, and blaſpheme;
" Be all that——and——ſeem.
" Honors and Titles ſhall blot out each Stain,
" Ye may find Favor in a pious Reign."

A pious

A pious Reign, in what does it appear?
Be dumb, ye courtly Echo's, or declare;
Surely ye mock us, and are but in Sport;
Murd'rers and Pathics have found Friends at Court:
Oppreſt with Taxes e'en in Peace we ſigh'd,
And fear'd Court-ſycophants did the Spoil divide;
A twelve Years Retroſpect will prove too plain,
A pious King don't make a pious Reign;
For Miniſters advance, a dangerous Band,
To blind their Prince, and ruin a free Land;
At Law, at Probity, the Scoundrels ſmile;
And ſap the Conſtitution of our Iſle.

Curs'd be the Wretch with mean Diſcretion cold,
Who from bold Cenſure can his Tongue with-hold:

Who

Who meanly palliates violated Laws;
Or fears to ſuffer, in his Country's Cauſe:
Who dares not meet Oppreſſion to the Teeth;
Or dreads the Loſs of Freedom, leſs than Death.
But for thoſe ſervile Prieſts who teach again,
The exploded Doctrines of the Stuart's Reign,
No Words I find; all Language is too weak
The Reptile Meanneſs of their Souls to ſpeak.
Forgive me, Liberty, if ſighing here,
I o'er one Character let fall one Tear;
Veil it, Oblivion, ſtill from public Shame,
Nor mark with Infamy the once-lov'd Name;
May Time that Name with N——l's never blend;
Nor future Britains curſe my Youth's dear Friend.
Too oft have Prieſts in many a venal Age,
For Pow'r perverted chaſte Religion's Page;

As ſacred Truths, to prop Knaves round a Throne,
Have taught what dying they muſt dread to own:
Yet ſome ingenious Heart, and daring Hand,
Rubb'd out the Stain and ſav'd a tottering Land.
Ye generous Souls, who with firm manly Zeal,
Liv'd, ſuffer'd, acted, for the public Weal;
In dangerous Times, who valiantly ſtood forth;
May kindred Spirits imitate your Worth;
May future Comptons, Sharps, and Hoadlys riſe,
E'er Truth is hid for ever from our Eyes;
To rouſe the Sons of Virtue, e'er too late;
And turn Deſtruction from our threat'ned State.
Alas, ye ſtrove, our Martyrs bled in vain,
To break for us the tyrant Roman chain;
Againſt Subſcription, Conſcience is compell'd
Meanly to ſtoop, and dirtily to yield;

Law bows to Pow'r; Religion's a Court Tool,
To harden Infidels, and hum the Fool.

O GOD! despairing I could bow my Head,
Down to the Grave, to seek a peaceful Bed;
Did no one Ray of vivid Hope remain,
To cheer the Heart, and mitigate its Pain:
But thy great Mercy yet to England sends
A faithful Few, bright Truth's and Virtue's Friends;
By Pow'r unaw'd, and unseduc'd by Gold;
Sent like thy Prophets to the Jews of old;
The Land from foul Oppressions to reclaim,
And bring her back to Virtue, Pow'r, and Fame.
O! to their Efforts thine Assistance give,
Bid Justice, Truth, and Liberty revive;

E'er

E'er fell Corruption, and deſpotic Pow'r,
Plunge us in Ruin deep, to riſe no more.

Ye ſelfiſh, ſlumbering, dull, unrighteous Band,
Once call'd the Country Intereſt, in this Land;
Who meanly hoped, ye could make others ſhare,
In part, the foul Oppreſſions that we bear;
Who meanly hoped, from diſtant Lands to draw
Wealth againſt Reaſon's, againſt Nature's Law:
Who meanly hoped to make our Burdens light,
By plundering others, placing Pow'r for Right,
As good a Plea the Highway Robber makes,
Yet dies when he by Force his Plunder takes.
Duped by falſe Promiſes, ſeduced to Guilt,
Soon with Remorſe ye'll view the Blood that's ſpilt;

The guiltleſs Blood; and wak'd, at length will mourn,
That waſted Millions bring back no Return.——

Self-love, chief Idol of the human Mind,
How doſt thou Juſtice, Truth, and Reaſon, blind!
Damp'd by thy Influence, Freedom's Fires grow dim,
Saints loſe their Zeal, and with the Torrent ſwim:
Prieſts at thy Shrine obſequiouſly have bow'd,
Sold their Religion, and forſook their GOD.
By thee ſeduced, vote venal Senators;
And Reputation knocks at Sodom's Doors;
To play the Sure-card trimming Patriot's aim,
And doubt, and heſitate, and loſe the Game.
Not ſo the Sons of Greece her Rights maintain'd,
Nor Rome, for Ages, Tyrant Pow'r reſtrain'd:

Their

Their Sons a wond'rous Race, with mighty Hearts,
As Dangers roſe ſtill took decided Parts:
Alike to Fear, and Self-love, all were blind;
And Public Spirit reign'd in every Mind:
She, twin'd in Myrtle Wreaths the Sword of Yore *,
That bathe Minerva's Shrine with Tyrant-gore:

* Theſe Two Lines allude to the famous Ode of Alcæus, written in Honor of Harmodius and Ariſtogeiton, who ſtabb'd the Uſurper Hipparchus at the Shrine of Minerva, and reſtored Athens to Freedom.

This Ode was held in the higheſt Eſteem by the Athenians, and was ſung at their Entertainments and Feſtivals. As I know of no Engliſh Verſion of it; but a literal Tranſlation, given to me ſome Years ſince by a Friend, I have ſubjoined it, for the Entertainment of the Reader:

My Sword a Myrtle Bough ſhall wreath;
As theirs of Yore
Harmodius and Ariſtogeiton bore,
When they the Tyrant gave to Death:
They ſet the Athenians free;
And form'd juſt Laws to guard that Liberty.

Beloved Harmodius, yet thou art not dead;
But in the Iſlands of the Bleſt,
With ſwift Achilles reſt;
And with the Son of Tydeus, valiant Diomede.

With

She baniſh'd Tarquin's Luſt, and Tarquin's Pride,
She gave the Word, and even Cæſar died.
'Twas Public Spirit mov'd our Sires of old,
A hardy Race, nor warpt by Fear, nor Gold;
Who ſtruck the Tyrant Norman's Soul with Awe,
And made him rule by Compact, and by Law.

'Twas Public Spirit, John's fierce Soul reſtrain'd
At Runny-mead, and Freedom's Charter gain'd:

With Myrtle I my Sword will twine;
As theirs of Yore
Harmodius and Ariſtogeiton bore,
When they the Tyrant did to Death conſign,
Hipparchus, at Minerva's Shrine.

Harmodius and Ariſtogeiton dear,
Beloved Pair,
Your Fame on Earth for ever ſhall remain;
Becauſe ye have the Tyrant ſlain,
Have ſet the Athenians free,
And form'd juſt Laws, to guard their Liberty.

When

When Favoritiſm made our Country groan,
And the weak Second Edward held the Throne;
Our Barons bold, by Public Spirit moved,
Their partial Monarch's broken Faith reproved;
Tore from his Side the Cauſes of Ill,
And ſpite of Pray'rs, or Arms the Traitors kill.
In the ſame Paths when headſtrong Richard trod,
Of Man regardleſs, and not fearing GOD;
Spite of his Anceſtors moſt dreadful Fate,
He ſtrove by lawleſs Pow'r to rule the State;
His Word or Oath tho' given, ne'er would bind;
But paſs'd like rolling Waves, or flying Wind:
By his own Guilt, and Tyranny undone,
'Twas Public Spirit drove him from the Throne.
Tho' Pity weep not o'er ſuch fallen Men;
She'll execrate the Hands that clos'd their Lives laſt Scene.

'Twas

'Twas Public Spirit guided the keen Knife,
That robb'd the favorite Buckingham of Life:
Plac'd above Law, and guarded by the Throne,
One bold Enthuſiaſt pluck'd the Villain down.
Felton, let others curſe thee for that Blow,
Which ſtabb'd the Catamite, your Country's Foe:
Tho' private Vengeance ſtill with Death ſhould meet,
You ſtruck, like Brutus, to preſerve the State.
May future Annals vindicate thy Fame,
And with Ariſtogeitons join thy Name.
'Twas Public Spirit that has ſtill call'd forth,
In Times of Danger, Souls of wond'rous Worth;
Nerv'd the ſtrong Hearts of virtuous thinking Men;
Inſpir'd a Sidney's, Locke's, and *Johnſon's Pen.

* The Author hopes no one will imagine he here intended to introduce Penſioner Johnſon into ſuch reſpectable Company, but Samuel Johnſon

Judges ſhe often to this Land has given,
Scarce Men; but more like Angels ſent from Heav'n,
To Juſtice wedded, deeply verſed in Law,
Whom Pow'r could neither influence nor awe.
The Muſe with Tranſport thinks of Gaſcoin's Fame,
Or mentions † Jones's, Holt's, or ‡ Powel's Name;

Johnſon the Chaplain to the great Lord Ruſſel, who was whipt from Newgate to Tyburn, for daring, in dangerous Times, to defend the Proteſtant Religion, and the Rights of Freemen againſt the Attacks of Popery and Arbitrary Power.

† Sir Thomas Jones, Chief Juſtice of Common Pleas, who, when James II. would have perſuaded him to maintain the Prerogative of diſpenſing with Penal Laws, told him plainly *he could not do it*. The King anſwered, *He would have Twelve Judges of his own Opinion*. Sir Thomas replied, *Twelve Judges he poſſibly might find of his Opinion, but he would ſcarce find Twelve Lawyers to be ſo.*

‡ Powel, one of the Judges that ſat on the Trial of the Biſhops in King James's Time.

But ill can Numbers all their Worth diſplay,
For ſure they liv'd the Camdens of their Day.

Come, Public Spirit, then to us return;
Nor let the Sons of Virtue longer mourn:
Britain, an Oak, in native Vigor ſtrong,
Rears high her Head, and now has flouriſh'd long;
In all her Strength did War's fierce Storms deſpiſe,
The Lightening burſting thro' the inclement Skies;
Yet muſt ſhe fall by her own Sons oppreſt,
Moſs, Canker, Ivy now invade her Breaſt,
Drain vital Sap, exhauſting every Vein;
Soon muſt her Ruin overſpread the Plain:
And Public Spirit from her Shelter flies,
O'er weſtern Waves, to happier, kinder Skies.

Will

Will no bleſt Being who beneath her Shade
Secure in Peace has oft reclin'd his Head,
Grateful ariſe to check deſtructive Pow'r,
And give the Tree its native Health once more!

O Junius! Pride of all our Sea-girt Iſle,
Come, and may Heav'n on all thy Labors ſmile:
Move on in Shades, but ſtill with Vigor come,
Thou more than Tully to expiring Rome:
Move on in Shades, and with unrivall'd Worth,
O pour thy finiſh'd keen Philippicks forth;
As from dark Clouds, the piercing Lightening breaks,
And veils itſelf again, while yet its Thunder ſpeaks.
Alas, thro' all the Land a Stupor reigns,
A palſied Numbneſs e'en Complaint reſtrains:

Deſponding Virtue to Retirement flies,
Nor knows for Succour where to turn her Eyes:
While foul Diſſentions Freedom's Sons divide,
And ſooth the Feelings of exalted Pride.
We ſaw the northern Thane prepare the Spell;
We ſaw the Demon Diſcord riſe from Hell;
She bad all Dangers far from him retreat,
And fix'd him firmly in Ambition's Seat.
'Tis from this Source, that all our Miſeries flow;
Divide and rule's the Maxim of our Foe.

Ye generous Leaders of each Patriot Band,
Ye Beams of Hope, to bleſs this mourning Land;
By Turns employ'd, and wheedled into Place,
To meet with Inſult, Treachery, and Diſgrace;

From

From Æſop's bundled Rods Inſtruction take,
And gain, from Union, Strength Hell cannot ſhake:
Come then unite, your native Land to ſave;
Which ideot Guilt runs headlong to enſlave:
Come, ye dear Objects of your Country's Love,
* " The Wicked from before the King remove,"
" In Righteouſneſs eſtabliſh firm the Throne;"
Nor let the Ocean's Queen her Freedom loſt bemoan.

* Proverbs XXV. 5.

THE END.

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